

DC HORROR  
PRESENTS

# SOUL PLUMBER



2 OF 6

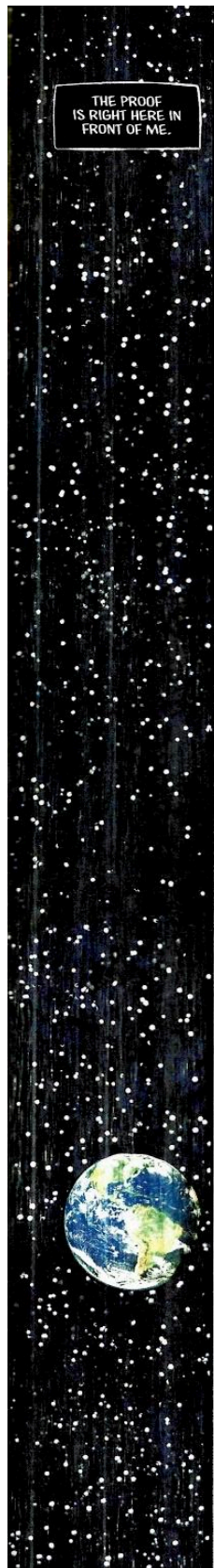
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COVER BY JOHN MACCREA

PARKS · ZEBROWSKI · KISSEL · McCREA · SPICER

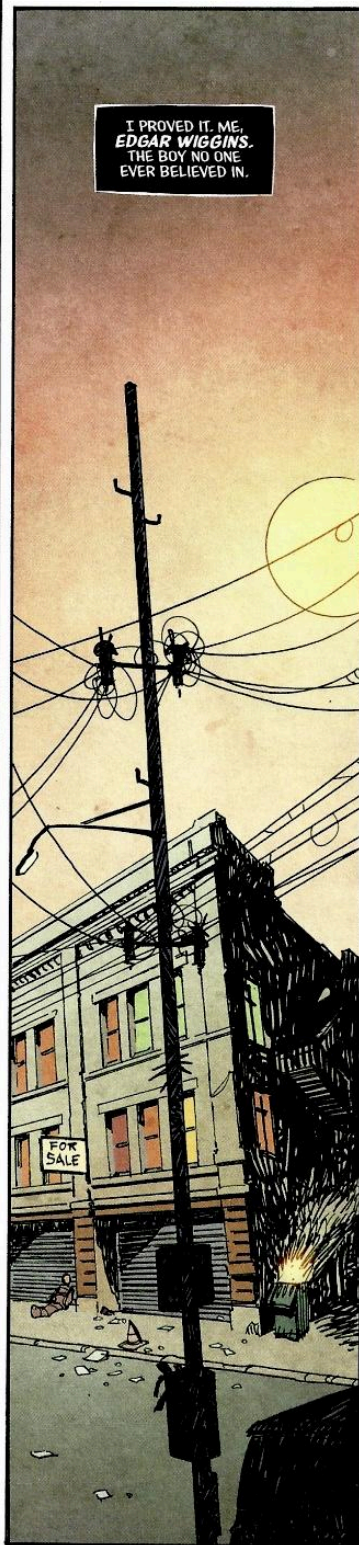




THE PROOF  
IS RIGHT HERE IN  
FRONT OF ME.



THE DEVIL IS REAL,  
AND THEREFORE...  
GOD IS REAL.



I PROVED IT. ME,  
**EDGAR WIGGINS.**  
THE BOY NO ONE  
EVER BELIEVED IN.



GOD LOVES ME.  
HE **CHOSE** ME.

IF HE DIDN'T...



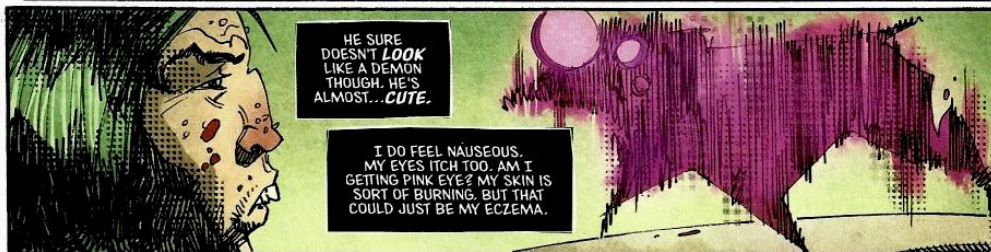
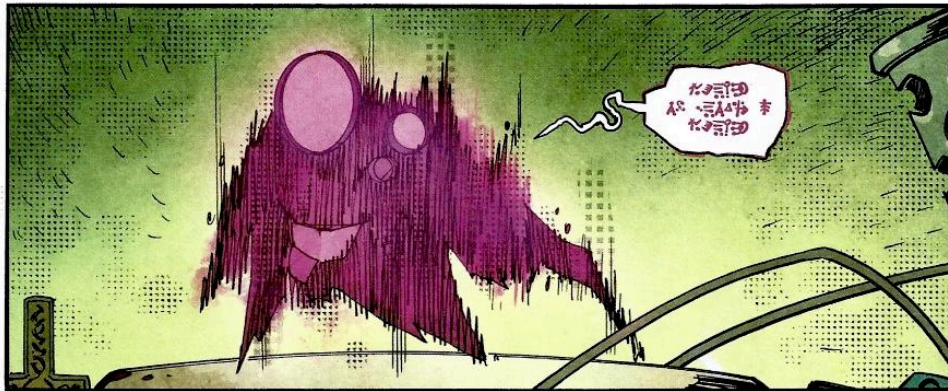


# WITH FRIENDS LIKE THESE

PART TWO

CONCEPT BY MARCUS PARKS, HENRY ZEBROWSKI & BEN KISSEL  
WRITTEN BY MARCUS PARKS & HENRY ZEBROWSKI  
LAYOUTS BY JOHN MCCREA & PJ HOLDEN INKS BY JOHN MCCREA  
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SOUL PLUMBER CREATED BY MARCUS PARKS, HENRY ZEBROWSKI, BEN KISSEL & JOHN MCCREA







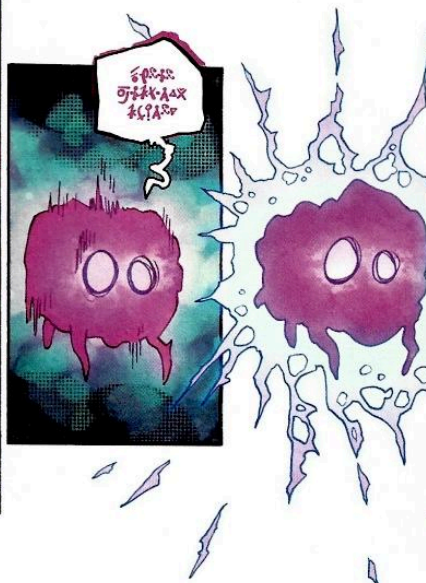


DEAR GOD, WHAT  
DID THAT CREATURE  
DO TO MY FRIEND?

WHAT DID *I* DO  
TO MY FRIEND?



NEVERTHELESS...THIS IS  
SPIRITUAL WARFARE.











MY PARENTS NEVER WANTED ME. MAYBE THEY WANTED A BABY AT SOME POINT. BUT THEY'D LOST INTEREST IN PARENTHOOD BEFORE I WAS EVEN BORN.

HE'S THREE MONTHS PREMATURE. WE'VE GOT TO INCUBATE HIM RIGHT AWAY!

WHATEVER.

I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I WAS RAISED BY TELEVISION. BUT THAT'S NOT ENTIRELY ACCURATE.

I WAS RAISED BY FATHER RICARDO GLENN, A.K.A. JUDO PRIEST.

NOT MANY PEOPLE SAW IT. MY PARENTS BOUGHT THE DVD AS A JOKE AT ONE OF THEIR FAVORITE THRIFT STORES. THEY SO LOVED THEIR IRONY.

FATHER GLENN WAS MY REAL FATHER. HE WAS THE MAN WHO TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING "DAD" NEVER BOTHERED TO.

HE WAS ALWAYS TOO BUSY.

LOOK, BOYS, I MADE A SICK-ASS SKATE RAMP!

FUCK YEAH!

I DIDN'T NEED HIM ANYWAY. HIM OR MY MOTHER. I HAD FATHER GLENN, AND THE MOST IMPORTANT LESSON OF ALL.

REMEMBER KIDS--

FAITH ALWAYS WINS!



I DON'T KNOW WHY I WAS SURPRISED AT MY PARENTS' REACTION WHEN I TOLD THEM THAT I WANTED TO BE A PRIEST. I WAS HOPING FOR SUPPORT. INSTEAD, THEY WERE CRUEL. SO I PACKED MY THINGS AND LEFT.

I BROKE MY FIRST COMMANDMENT THAT NIGHT. I CHOSE GOD OVER HONORING MY MOTHER AND FATHER.

I WAS GOING TO BE A PRIEST NO MATTER WHAT THOSE HEATHENS SAID.

GOD WOULD LEAD ME TO THE PATH OF MY CALLING AND THE BUS WAS MY CHARIOT OF ANGELS. MY HEAVEN? **BISHOP JOSE FUNES COLLEGE** IN INDIANAPOLIS.



EVERYTHING WOULD START HERE. I WOULD BECOME A PRIEST AND LEAD A FLOCK FROM THE MOUTHS OF WOLVES.

MY SEMINARY WAS OUTSIDE OF INDIANAPOLIS. INDIANA IS **GOD'S COUNTRY**, ESPECIALLY COMPARED TO MY HOMETOWN OF PORTLAND. NO ONE IS SHY ABOUT LOVING GOD IN INDIANA.



I CERTAINLY WASN'T. I HAD TO CONVINCE THE RECTOR THAT I WAS WORTHY. I DIDN'T HAVE A COLLEGE DEGREE AND I'D SPENT ALL MY MONEY ON THE BUS TICKET THERE.

I **TRIED** TO SHOW MY PASSION FOR JESUS. I **TRIED** TO CONVEY THE ROAD OF HARDSHIP THAT I'D TAKEN TO GET THERE.



WE TOO CARRY THE CROSS, WE TOO ARE TEMPTED BY THE SNAKE!



I GUESS MY PASSION WAS *TOO* STRONG. I GET LIKE THAT SOMETIMES.

I DON'T KNOW IF THIS ONE IS A GOOD FIT FOR THE SCHOOL, FATHER RIVERA.

BUT, RECTOR, IF THE REST OF OUR STUDENTS SHOWED *HALF* THE FERVOR OF EDGAR WIGGINS, CATHOLICISM WOULD BE BACK ON TOP WITHIN A GENERATION!

AND SO I WAS ACCEPTED! ON GRIT AND DEDICATION ALONE. MOST OF THE OTHER SEMINARIANS COULDN'T SAY THAT. THEY'D COME FROM LOVING FAMILIES, SUPPORTIVE FAMILIES, AND THEY COULDN'T HANDLE MY DEVOTION.

BUT MAYBE THAT DEVOTION WAS WHY I WAS TOO EAGER WITH MY "DISCOVERY."

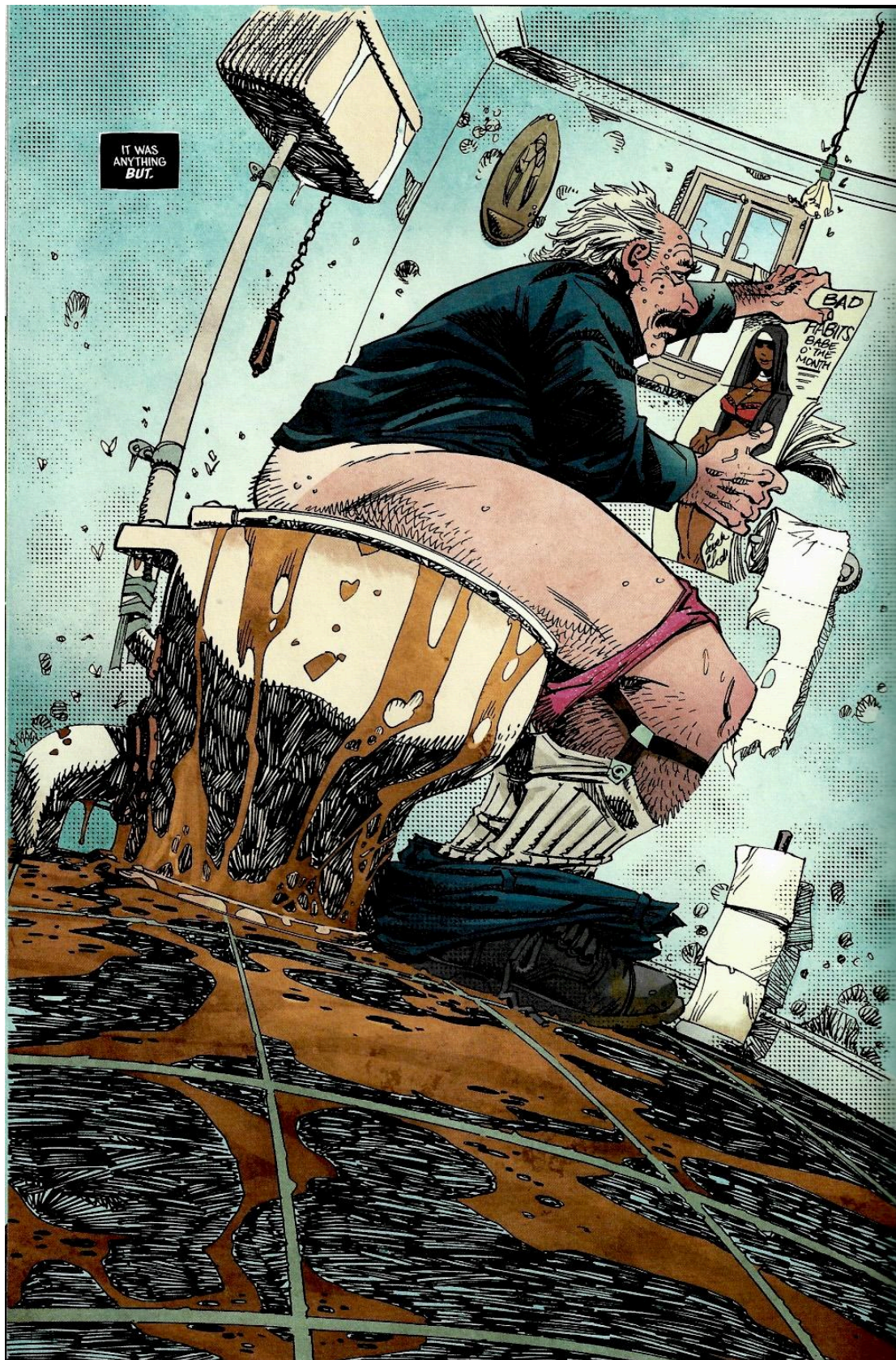
I CAN ADMIT THAT NOW.

MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD EVERYONE ABOUT WHAT I'D SEEN WITHOUT CHECKING ALL OF THE POSSIBILITIES.

BUT I THOUGHT I HAD SEEN A *MIRACLE*.











I SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED THE VATICAN BEFORE TELLING THE RECTOR. I SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE OVER ANYONE'S HEAD.

SEND THE POPE! CALL THE TONIGHT SHOW!

I CERTAINLY SHOULDN'T HAVE IMPERSONATED THE BISHOP.

BUT WHAT'S DONE IS DONE.

IT WAS THE LIE... MY SIN... THEY BANNED ME FROM SEMINARY FOREVER.

I DIDN'T DARE CALL AND LET MY PARENTS KNOW I'D FAILED. I NEVER WANTED TO SPEAK TO THEM AGAIN.

BUT STILL, I NEEDED A SIGN. WHERE WAS I TO GO? HOW WOULD I HEAR MY CALLING?

I DIDN'T HAVE TO LOOK LONG. LIKE I SAID, INDIANA IS NOT SHY ABOUT LOVING GOD.

AND ACCORDING TO GOD'S GUIDANCE, MY TRIALS WOULD NEED TO CONTINUE. THE TESTING WOULD CONTINUE. AND IF I COULD HELP PEOPLE ALONG THE WAY LIKE FATHER GLENN HELPED PEOPLE EVERYWHERE HE WENT, THEN IT WOULD ALL BE WORTH IT. AFTER ALL...

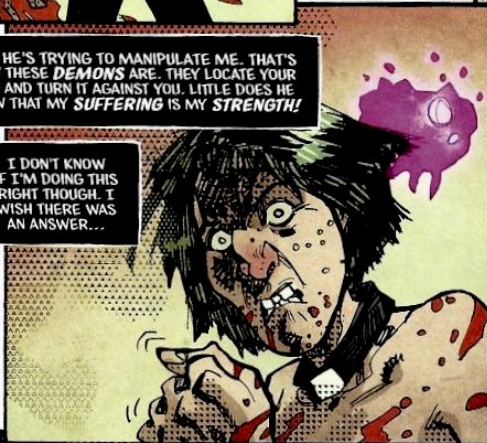
...FAITH ALWAYS WINS.





NO! HE'S TRYING TO MANIPULATE ME. THAT'S HOW THESE DEMONS ARE. THEY LOCATE YOUR PAIN AND TURN IT AGAINST YOU. LITTLE DOES HE KNOW THAT MY SUFFERING IS MY STRENGTH!

I DON'T KNOW IF I'M DOING THIS RIGHT THOUGH. I WISH THERE WAS AN ANSWER...





BRING!

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BRING!

HI!  
WELCOME  
TO THE SOUL  
PLUMBERS HELP  
HOTLINE!

OH THANK  
THE LORD  
SOMEONE  
ANSWERED!  
THERE'S A  
DEMON IN  
MY HOUSE  
AND--

UNFORTUNATELY,  
ALL OF OUR SOUL  
PLUMBERS ARE ON THE  
ROAD, BRINGING GLORY  
TO GOD AND GIVING THE  
PEOPLE THE POWER TO  
PLUNGE THIS COUNTRY'S  
DEMONIC INFLUENCE  
DOWN THE HOLE OF  
THE HOLY GHOST'S  
TOILET!

PLEASE LEAVE A  
MESSAGE AND A SOUL  
PLUMBER ASSOCIATE  
WILL CALL YOU BACK  
AT THEIR SOONEST  
AVAILABILITY.

BEEP!

OH! HI,  
MY NAME IS  
EDGAR WIGGINS.  
I'VE...CONSTRUCTED  
A SPIRIT PLUNGER  
AND...PROCURED,  
WELL...A DEMON.

IT'S HERE, IN MY  
HOME. I'M STARING AT  
IT RIGHT NOW. AND IT'S  
STARING AT ME. I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH  
IT, ACTUALLY.

IT ISN'T  
SCREAMING AT ALL,  
LIKE MR. POSITANO'S  
WAS. IT'S JUST...  
THERE.

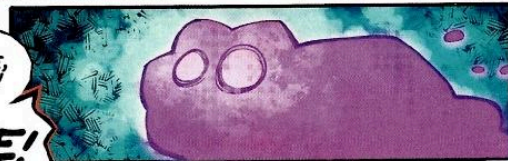
OH! IT DID  
READ MY MIND.  
BRIEFLY, BUT NOW  
IT'S JUST...

...FLOATING.

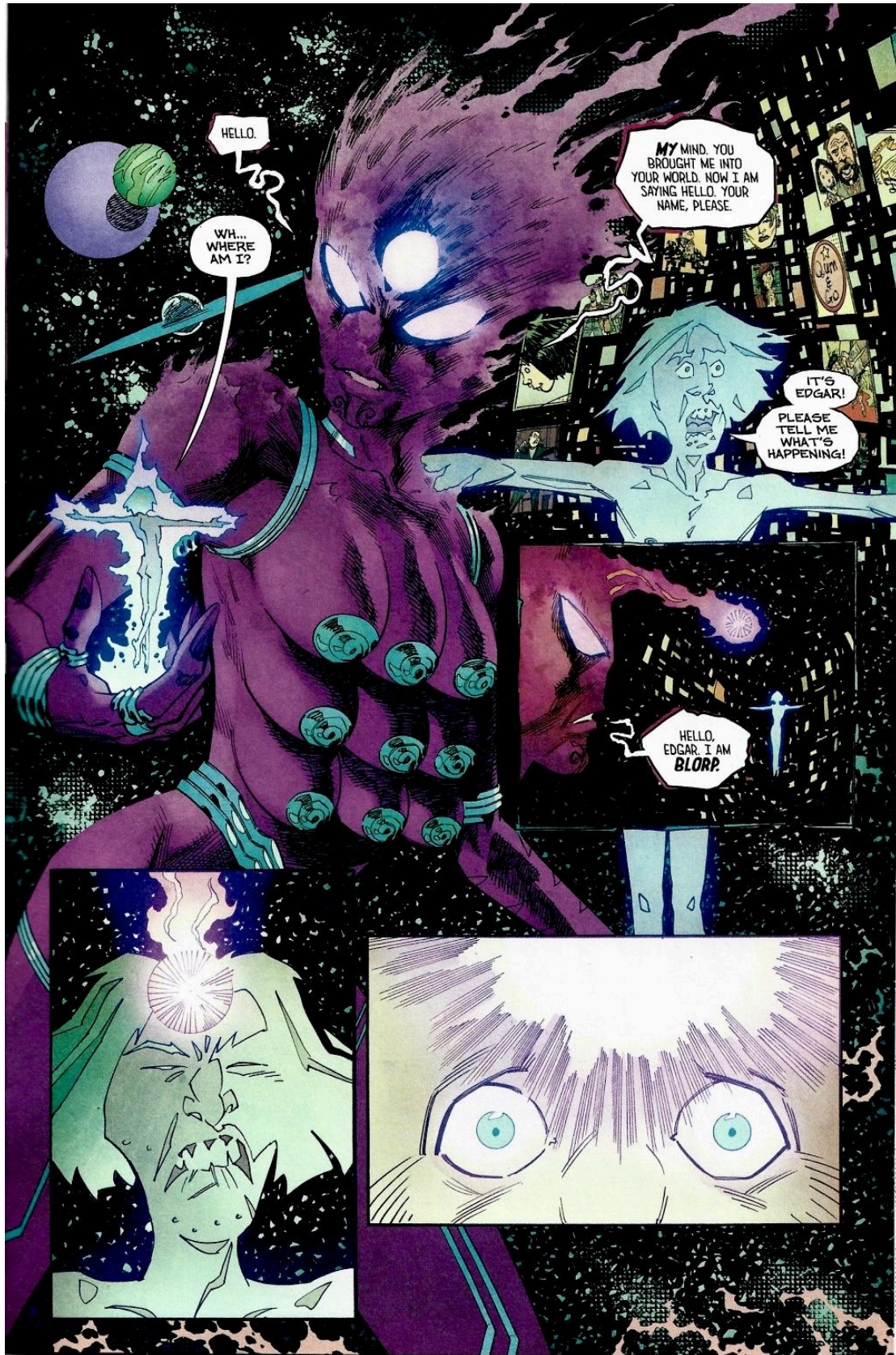
OKAY! WELL,  
PLEASE CALL ME  
BACK. MY NUMBER IS  
930-555-1037, AND IF  
FATHER HARVEY IS STILL  
IN THE AREA AND WANTS  
TO...SWING BY...MY  
ADDRESS IS 1076 EAST  
ROMANO ROAD IN  
INDIANAPOLIS.

INDIANA.









HELLO.

WH...  
WHERE  
AM I?

MY MIND. YOU  
BROUGHT ME INTO  
YOUR WORLD. NOW I AM  
SAYING HELLO. YOUR  
NAME, PLEASE.

IT'S  
EDGAR!

PLEASE  
TELL ME  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENING!

HELLO,  
EDGAR. I AM  
**BLORP.**







SCENES...FROM  
ANOTHER WORLD.

THOUSANDS OF YEARS...  
PASS WITHIN MOMENTS.

A DIMENSION...ONE  
HAIR'S BREADTH  
AWAY FROM OURS.

AN UNTOLD NUMBER  
OF GOD'S UNIVERSES...

AND *ITS* UNIVERSE...  
SO MAGNIFICENT...  
PEACEFUL...



